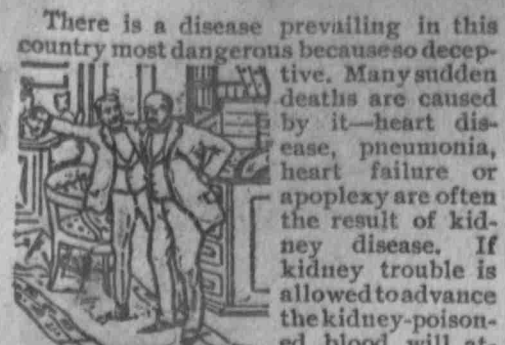


The Cause of Many

Sudden Deaths.



There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, causing catarrh of the bladder, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Bladder troubles almost always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often through the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

JOHN GREEN CHAPTER

Of D. A. R. Holds Monthly Meeting.

The Daughters of the Revolution held the regular monthly meeting with Miss Hattie Dietrich Saturday afternoon. Mrs. A. J. Casey read a paper on "Pioneer Women of Kentucky." One feature of the excellent paper was an original poem entitled, "The Women Who Went to The Spring," referring to the women of Bryant's station.

A movement was put on foot looking to an entertainment in June.

LOW RATES IN EFFECT

Only \$33 To Pacific Coast Points.

Commencing March 1 and continuing until May 15, 1905, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell tickets from Chicago to points on the Pacific Coast in California, Oregon and Washington at \$33. Tickets are second-class and are good in tourist sleepers. The rate for a double berth in a tourist sleeper Chicago to the Pacific coast is only \$7. Tourist sleepers are clean, comfortable and economical, and are preferred by many to the standard sleeper. Information that will help you plan your trip sent free on request. Geo. B. Haynes, Traveling Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street, Chicago.

Proof Against Lightning.

Bowling Green, Ky., May 6.—Burnett Wright, a son of the late Dr. T. B. Wright, was struck by lightning today. While he was rendered unconscious, he survived the shock. A few years ago he was struck by lightning while visiting in Caniz, Ky.

Man's Unreasonableness

is often as great as woman's, but Thos. S. Austin, Mgr. of the "Republican," of Leavenworth, Ind., was not unreasonable when he refused to allow the doctors to operate on his wife for female trouble. "Instead," he says, "we concluded to try Electric Bitters. My wife was so sick she could hardly leave her bed, and five [5] physicians had failed to relieve her. After taking Electric Bitters she was perfectly cured and can now perform all her household duties." Guaranteed by R. C. Hardwick, druggist; price 50c.

U. D. C. Chapter.

The regular monthly meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held at Hotel Latham Saturday afternoon, May 13, at 3 o'clock.

Son Lost Mother.

"Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Me. "For the past five years, however, on the slightest sign of a cough or cold, I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, which has saved me from serious lung trouble." His mother's death was a sad loss for Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1; guaranteed at R. C. Hardwick's drug store. Trial bottle free.

"THINGS UNSEEN."

Address Delivered by Mr. Geo. E. Gary Before the Athenaeum Club.

Following is the address delivered by Mr. Geo. E. Gary at the third annual banquet given by the Athenaeum Club at Hotel Latham on the evening of April 28th. The two preceding speeches referred to therein were the responses of Mr. Frank Rives and Prof. H. Clay Smith to the toasts, "Airships" and "Spots on the Sun," respectively.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

I wish to announce a fact at the outset that further along must become apparent to you all. I am not a speaker, and I might add, have no aspirations in that direction.

The terrors of the speaker are many. For instance, he asks for the sympathy of his audience, while his audience wants all the sympathy they can get. As he walks forward to make his bow he imagines they are saying to themselves, "Hail to the Chief," or "See the conquering hero comes." What they are saying is, "Morituri salutamur," or "I'd love to steal awhile away." As he ostentatiously pours himself a glass of water (if he drinks water), he mistakes their stamping for applause. It is as the impatience of a tethered horse, fretting for a change of base. I once had the honor to entertain Senator Blackburn at my house. In the course of conversation, the Senator advanced the theory that nine women out of ten marry in the hope of becoming widows. The presence of nine-tenths of your audience may be accounted for by the fact that they wish to experience that blessed feeling of relief which comes when it is all over. If you confine yourself to the utterance of your own thoughts, your speech will be too brief to be conventional. If to the thoughts of others, your audience knows more about them than you do. If you give your discourse wings to make it soar you will make your audience sore. You are painfully particular about the heads of your speech, while they are thinking all the while about the tail of it, doubtless comparing it to a comet or a lightning bug, whose tail is its most brilliant and interesting part. If you chatter entertainingly you are a magpie, if you quote, you are a parrot, anyhow you are a bird.

In 1803 Robert Emmett, one of world's greatest orators, was executed for making a speech. "To be sure," you exclaim, "speeches have on occasions, accomplished wonders, as history shows." But what of that? Did not the cackling of geese save Rome? Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster, the three greatest orators and statesmen the United States ever produced, are currently believed to have speechified themselves out of the Presidency. Bryan, probably made the same mistake. Henry Clay was the greatest orator of them all and his illustrious namesake, who this evening essayed to soar to the skies and to scour the spots off the sun, may take warning by his example. Napoleon Bonaparte, the hero of a thousand battles, was a silent man, and never met his match in taciturnity until brought face to face with the Egyptian Sphinx on the banks of the Nile. We are apt to pin our faith to the man who does things, rather than to the man who says them. Somebody was wishing the other day that since we now have wireless telegraphy and horseless carriages, we might also have speechless orators.

When Athens was in her palmy days, they put a noose around the speaker's neck, and if he failed to utter words of wisdom, was hanged by the neck, for all and general relief. There is strong talk of reviving this wise regulation. Think of the hangings that would result in our city councils, our State legislature and even our national congress. In the Athenaeum club we usually read our productions. Prior says:

And 'tis remarkable that they talk most that have the least to say. Your dainty speakers have the curse. To plead their causes down to worse. As dames, who native beauty want, Still uglier look the more they paint.

Is there a haven of rest, a refuge from speech making? Yes, in the land of spirits. It has been determined by scientists that the acoustic properties of that idyllic realm are wholly inimical to oratory. Thither

A Matter of Health

There is a quality in Royal Baking Powder which makes the food more digestible and wholesome. This peculiarity of Royal has been noted by physicians, and they accordingly endorse and recommend it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

I would conduct you this evening.

By spirit land, we mean the realm, where unseen forces operate. Spirits are the motive power that actuate men—hence, are more important than men, which brings us to differ from Mr. Pope and to assert that the study of mankind is spirits.

Spirits are the proper study of mankind, not the proper drink. Ardent spirits have no place in our discussion this evening, just as they have none on our bill of fare. Still they are sometimes confounded with other kinds, for a man once said he was afraid of an empty bottle, declaring it reminded him of departed spirits. Neither is it fit in this presence to hold a seance or to make Shakespearean porcupines of my hearers, by telling any hair-raising ghost stories. The imagination falters at the conception of a porcupine in evening dress.

Was it Mr. Carlyle who said, "To the eye of Newton and Newton's dog, Diamond, what two different universities?" We will take the ground, with your permission, that, viewed through the eye of Newton, there are five communities in the universe:

First—The Community of Paradise, spirits of just men made perfect.

Second—The Community of the Spirits, controlling the lives and actions of men—the spirit of the air.

Third—The Earth, the community of Humanity.

Fourth—Hades.

Fifth—Purgatory, the community of the spirits of the damned.

Concerning the first I shall be silent, believing you will all ultimately land there, and that you might discover some trifling inaccuracies in my description of its inhabitants. Nor, I take it, would anything of the Earth-earthly interest you in the exalted state of mind you find yourselves after having pierced through Heaven's interminable depths in an



GEO. E. GARY.

airship, and inspected the spots on the sun. Apropos, I am by way of wishing we were all members of congress this evening and could collect ten cent mileage on that trip of ninety-five millions of miles to the sun and back. It foots up nineteen millions of dollars apiece and would be quite an interesting souvenir of the occasion.

As to numbers four and five—Hades and Purgatory, I refer you to "Milton's Paradise Lost," as being entirely beneath us.

This leaves us number two, "The Community of the Spirits of the Air," which we will locate somewhere between Heaven and earth.

The population of this community numbers less than two hundred, but so powerful are they, that if every blade of grass on earth were a man, every man a soldier and every soldier a Japanese, this little army

could put them to flight, in less time than it took Dewey to capture Manila. They live on good terms up there so far as is known, though many of them are diametric antitypes of each other and strive strenuously, the one with the other when they visit the earth. Of their climate, laws, conditions, etc., nothing is known, except that it is definitely established as stated above, that speech is not there a means of communication.

Nothing is known of them except their marvelous influence over man. Imagine yourselves in a crowded theatre witnessing a well ordered play. You raise your lorgnette and take a look at the audience. The wealth and fashion of your community are represented. You observe a certain couple. Their attitude toward each other, the perfect sympathy and understanding between them stamps them as man and wife. They seem to be absorbed with watching the play of feature and change of expression on the face of a little boy who is watching the stage with bated breath. Their child, you say. Sweeping further around with your glasses they rest upon another couple, a noble, handsome youth and a beautiful maiden. They are apparently oblivious to all surroundings and if your glasses carry well, you will observe that his hand clasps hers, just between their opera chairs, while love speaks love to eyes that speak again. Sweethearts, you conclude.

But look! See! a wreath of smoke a tiny tongue of flame are seen issuing from the wings back of the stage. Then a spirit, unseen, unheard, issues forth and wraps its python coils about the souls of that vast throng and steepers their senses in its maddening breath.

Instant pandemonium breaks out on every hand and reasoning, thinking man is transformed into a ravening beast, ready to rend and tear and trample to the earth in his mad efforts to escape. The fetters of convention, the bonds of love and the ties of blood all are severed in the twinkling of an eye; and woe to friend or sweetheart, yea, woe, even to the wife of his bosom or the child of his blood that blocks the alluring path to safety. The spirit of Fear.

Recently you read of a boiler explosion that wrecked a shoe factory crowded with hundreds of employees, men, women and children, burying them in the ruins. The collapsed structure instantly took fire. Strenuous efforts were at once made to rescue the victims. The relief corps working their way through the wrecked building found a man pinioned down beneath an iron beam. They began to try to release him. "No," said he in words that are blazoned high on honor's immortal scroll, "you cannot release me before the fire reaches me, help the women and children out," and with his own hands, which were free, he passed them one by one to the rescuers, and the greedy flames found him there under the beam. The spirit of heroism.

Bells peel forth from every steeple. Relentless horsemen spur their foaming steeds along the highway, hurling momentous tidings at every house as they fly. From city to town, from town to hamlet the news wings its rapid flight. The ploughshare leaves the anvil a two-edged sword. The work horse is metamorphosed into a spirited charger. Husband folds wife in a last loving embrace. Brave youth bids timid farewell to syher maiden and all flock to a common

rendezvous. A Washington is born to take the lead, and forth they fare to battle with Patrick Henry's cry of "Give me liberty or give me death." The spirit of war.

Now Listen to Gray:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Again to Shakespeare in Richard the Third:

Now are our brows bound by victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures,
Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front.

The spirit of peace, the enemy of history:

A timid king, more locksmith than statesman. A haughty, misunderstood, misguided queen, not of her own people. Lettres de cachet, backed by all the power of insolent prerogative. The cry of "Gabelle," the salt tax and of the rights of men. The oppression of the "Canaille" by the nobles, a Necker and a Lemoine Brieure for financier; a hailstorm, a drought, then starvation. What next? A spirit silently takes possession of hearts so ripe for its supremacy.

It attacks the Tuileries, the home nest of royalty. It raises ramparts in a night across the streets of stricken Paris. It storms the Bastille, that living graveyard of royal secrets. It raises a mob which defies and defeats the soldiery. At its bidding riot and carnage reign supreme. From the far confines of France it lures a cordon of honest, intrepid yeomanry, who come to Paris, this seething cauldron of all the furies, chanting the Marseillaise.

It makes of the lanterne a gibbet, and of the guillotine a fountain of blood that shall purify all France. It humbles king and queen in the dust, and snatches from beneath the chariot wheels of the nobles, the starveling of the streets and raises him to dizzy heights. Off go the heads of the nobles; down goes empire, up springs triumphant democracy.

THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT.

Yes, history, romance, song and story attest the limitless dominion of these unseen denizens of the air. Speaking no language, they yet are the writers of universal history. Professing no virtue, they yet are the essence and quintessence of all the beatitudes. Without form, feature or sensibility, they are the embodiment of love, the incarnation of hate, the archetype of revenge and mercy, liberty and bondage, hope and despair, weakness and power. Unheard and unseen, they masquerade in our midst as bigotry, treachery and hypocrisy—as modesty, loyalty and honor.

They dominate our waking thoughts and weave the fanciful fabric of our dreams. Ofttimes they come in pairs and strive with each other for the dominion of our hearts. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian," said Agrippa. Caesar crossed the Rubicon; Napoleon accepted the crown. Great Britain invaded India and we acquired the Philippines. All these momentous results were the outcome of a struggle between two of these Wizards of the air, Caution and Ambition.

Ah! These silent fateful spirits? Could we list to their approaching, Hear their noiseless fairy footsteps, Feel the fanning of their wing beats—Penetrate their mystic guises—By the light of their expression, Search their souls with lightning glances.

Catch the smile or grin sardonic—Once acquaint with their intention, Easy then to choose a mentor—Sift the good from out the evil? Forces erstwhile to be dreaded, Wisdom's choice has made our allies; Armed thus with strength resistless, Panoplied with secret power, What the force that could withstand us?

What the ill that could befall us? What temptation could beguile us? Give us then to hear their coming—Wisdom give us to distinguish Spirit good from spirit evil.

GEO. E. GARY.

Hopkinsville, Ky., April 28, 1905.

A Disastrous Calamity.

It is a disastrous calamity, when you lose your health, because indigestion and constipation have sapped it away. Prompt relief can be had in Dr. King's New Life Pills. They build up your digestive organs, and cure headache, dizziness, colic, constipation, etc. Guaranteed at R. C. Hardwick's drug store; 25c.

HANDS CRACKED AND PEELED

Suffered for One Year—Water Caused Agony, Heat Intense Pain—Grew Worse Under Doctors—Could Not Do Any Housework.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"About a year ago my hands began to crack and peel. I tried many remedies, but they grew worse all the time. At last they became so sore that it was impossible for me to do my housework. If I put my hands in water, I was in agony for hours; and if I tried to



cook over the stove, the heat caused intense pain. I consulted a doctor, but his prescriptions were utterly useless. I gave him up and tried another, but without the least satisfaction. About six weeks ago I got my first relief when I purchased Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using them for a week, I found to my great delight that my hands were beginning to feel much better, the deep cracks began to heal up and stop running, and to-day my hands are entirely well, the one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment being all that I used. (signed) Mrs. Minnie Drew, 18 Dana St., Roxbury Mass."

ONE NIGHT TREATMENT For Sore Hands and Feet with Cuticura

Soak the hands or feet on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure. Wear on the hands during the night old, loose gloves, or bandage the feet lightly in old, soft cotton or linen.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Puter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Itching, Scaly Humors."

Directgo 34217.



It's a pleasure and profit to raise well bred colts.

The trotting bred horse is very near the whole thing. The champion pacer is one. The champion saddle stallion carries this blood. The champion high steppers of the National Horse show, both light and heavy, are trotting bred horses. Congress has appropriated \$25,000 for the United States to start a breed of carriage horses. What horse did they start with? A trotter, a champion prize winner at Madison Square Garden.

Directgo sold for more money at public auction than any horse that was ever stood in Christian county.

If you want an all purpose horse breed to a trotter. See Directgo's colts, they are good ones. Directgo is bred right, is made right, carries himself right, and sure to breed on. Season \$15; returning privilege. See ESTELL McCOWN.

Palmer Graves,

—OF—

Hopkinsville Lime Works,

Wants to SELL you

LIME, CINDERS,

ROCK and DIRT!

Also BUYS

Cord Wood and

Second-hand Barrels!

PHONES—Home: Residence, 1039 Kibb, 1258. Cumberland: Residence 540.

Testimonial from Mr. Dalton.

Hopkinsville, Ky., April 26, 1905. Old Veteran Rheumatic Cure, Co., Adairville, Ky.,

Dear Sirs: Please mail me at once two bottles of your rheumatic cure. I recommended this to Mr. S. H. Myers and he says it did him good. I want this for friends. The spring of 1903 and 1904 I had a very severe attack of rheumatism. This spring I took two bottles of your medicine and so far have been free from rheumatism.

Yours truly,

Ceo. D. Dalton.

For sale by L. L. Elgin.